

The muscles
have been brought to
bone so there is
completion. The
skin is an outer
covering a skein
bloodlessly peeled
are real ones
which look different.

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Some strangled
worms still blind
squirming but eyeless
hung all
seeing through no eye.
Summer jelly heating
rotten flooring.

State Bird of my childhood,
to bright continue.
Ditch milk
figure
pictures in plastic
in pictures.
A figure drawn.
A figure in you.

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With torn track
out heart veins.
Chimedrill in branchlight,
straining to fracture,
snow's light,
still you now
unborn.

Stitch. Ground. Hard, lining. A hand wake: Black dark, rising.
Wore to, to pad- bone, com- curdle come rifling. A sugar a square
a slobber a bare Paper. Riding. Woman says *On* she says, per- you, Once,
and memory, bed- the bed had painted.

Details, took areas, this God. The her not. As His with, to a fingertip.
In herself She stalls. Him. She that a He could sev- be various God's
phase. She with com-copulating guilt. Down, the kneeled in, entered play.
Tight (never, she rules) dry, inside texture con- forced (would rule).
Pre- fast, nauseousness. Mouth apoca- mouthed. Yours. Objects.

- small finds

also write of *dimming*, how it lowers like, subsumes reserve, the one given, the body. When my mind turns to a pure nursing the sound is tremulous -- of eating in the dark [love making/a hill of sea heaving/out tails/killing]. I think of the dying woman who said no she would not like to come *back*. The single way to you, Pleasure.

- to be done with it

A coating, scented, rose a sweat red sill. Hands burn, are
letted. Are scented. Under nails, fried chicken church
dinners. I am just as you, now and then you take this your
body, his. Anatomically correct models based on saints
loved in basements. In the corner, broken.
Many hands many open.